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The Jolly Blade

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The Jolly Blade.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts I Great
Andrew St. Street, Seven Dials.

IN Dublin city where I was born,
On Steven's green must die in scorn
Tis there I learnt the baking trade,
Where I was counted a rolling blade,
I came to London both fine and gay,
There spent my time on balls & plays,
And when my cash it did run low,
straight on the spice was forc'd to go.
Next took to me a pretty wife,
And lov'd her dear as I lov'd my life.
And to maintain her both fine and gay
All the world shall richly pay,
I robb'd Lord Onslow I do declare,
And Lady Neptune in Monmouth
square. (chair,
I wish them good night and fat in my
And with the spoils went to my dear,
O then to Dublin bore away
With my flash blowing so fine and gay
Where I napt four hundred pound so
bright, (night.
And with that spent many a jovial
And soon my fame it was well known
Robbing at Hounslow and in the town
Till taken I was that I never knew,
Till taken I was inform'd it was done
by you
To me 'twas day and never night,
In theiving I took great delight,
Till old blind Fielding did me pursue
Attended I was by the jovial crew,
The Judges mercy I did extend,
To pardon my crimes that I might
I wish I had obey'd the Lord (friend
And never done any thing but what is
good
My father weeps and makes his moan
My mother cries my darling son,
My blowing ories and tears her hair,
where shall I go for the Lords knows
where.
When I am cast and am going to die,
There's many a blowing will for me cry
Your sighs and tears will not me save,
Nor keep me from the untimely grave